

TERRITORIAL.
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THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

19th Year. No. 26. WILLIAM BOOTH General. TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1903. EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner. Price, 5 Cents.



"SAVE ME, SIR!"

(See article, p. 5.)

SOMETIME.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And sun and stars for evermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me,
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry
Because His wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, co-mingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and repel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend you love is lying low,
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh, do not blame the loving Father so,
But wear your sorrow with obedient grace.

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God gives His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife;
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day; then be content, poor heart,
God's plans, like lilies, pure and white unfold,
We must not tear the close shut leaves apart—
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
Where we shall clearly see and understand,
I think that we shall say, "God knew the best!"

Lasting Enjoyment.

There are times when neither the delicacies which pamper appetite, nor the distinctions which flatter pride, can impart any gratification. The sensual turn in disgust from the feast, and the ambitious front the incense and applause with which they have been regarded. "In this hard season," said Mr. Burke, "I would not give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honor in the world. This is the appetite of but a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease." The truly benevolent has an enjoyment which retains its relish to the last hour of life. He who feeds the poor, relieves and defends the oppressed, instructs the ignorant, and consoles the wretched, cannot lose his reward.

"AND THE DOOR WAS SHUT."

(Matthew xxv. 10.)

Reading the parable of the Ten Virgins these words, "The door was shut," came with peculiar force to my mind, or rather I should say to my heart, for I felt them deeply.

They are awfully solemn words, and carried me away, in imagination, to the Day of Judgment—that great day, that awful day, for which all other days were made—when the eternal destiny of every created being possessing an immortal soul will be decided, sealed, unalterably fixed for ever; when the door of heaven will be shut never to be opened again.

Only those who are ready, "washed in the blood of the Lamb," lamps trimmed and burning, when the Heavenly Bridegroom comes, shall be permitted to enter in.

The door will be shut not only against the ungodly, the openly profane, the dogs, sorcerers,

whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever "loveth and maketh a lie," but against the empty, false professor who lived a lie, who had a name to live while spiritually dead, destitute of the oil of grace, professing to know Christ, but in works denying Him—the unholy, unsanctified, in short, the hypocrite.

The foolish Virgins thought they would be allowed to enter in; but no, the door was shut. Too late, too late! They find out their mistake. In vain they cry, "Lord, Lord, open to us!" He answered and said, "I know you not."

Oh, my reader, if you do not know Jesus Christ as your own personal Friend and Saviour, if you are destitute of vital godliness, real conversion, the renewing of the Holy Ghost, and the washing of regeneration, I beseech you lose no time, seek the Lord now. Now is the day of salvation, now is the accepted time. The bridegroom may come soon. Prepare to meet your God—before the door is shut.—M. F. Ellis.

THOUGHTS FROM DR. PARKER.

THE SPIRIT'S OFFICE.

"He shall glorify me." How? By revealing as the sun and landscape. The sun does not create the landscape. Yet it is revealed and transfigured to the gazer by the ministry of light.

THE CURE.

If you would mend society you must get at men's hearts. You may give men better dwellings, and better drainage, or better air. But never forget that man fell not in a Metropolitan alley, or in a London sewer. He fell when the sunshine was broad and the river deep and calm. He fell amid surroundings which God Himself had placed for his convenience and gratification. The cure is not in change of circumstances, but in change of heart.

EXPEDIENCY OF CHRIST'S DEPARTURE.

Christ, in His human and visible revelation, has His Bethany and Olivet, His coming and His going amongst men; but the Holy Ghost penetrates every age and every sanctum of life; He goes before our very thought, and holds His light high above the secret of our heart. His action, like His nature, is mysterious, sudden, real, deeply felt, yet neither to be measured nor expressed in words—more delicate than thought, tenderer than love, yet mightier than lightning; present everywhere, yet nowhere visible; an eternal certainty, yet also an eternal surprise.

FAITH AND SCIENCE.

Science sneers at faith, and yet is often compelled to contradict itself. Huxley says: "The wonderful noonday silence of a tropical forest is, after all, due only to the dullness of our hearing; and could the ears catch the murmurs of these tiny maelstroms, as they whirl in the countless myriads of living cells which constitute each tree, we should be stunned as with the roar of a great city." Thus it is not said that because we have no sensation of them these murmurs have no existence. We claim the argument for God and for the spiritual world. Our ignorance of this may be due only to the dullness of our hearing.

THE BIBLE MESSAGE.

The Bible advances instantly to the highest lines of spiritual inquiry: God, creation, invisible worlds, sin, death, immortality, are its favorite themes. It does not suggest but reveal, it does not investigate but declare—all the surprise is on the side of the reader, never on the side of the writer. Consider its startling proposition as to the destruction of sin. How is it to be met, overcome, destroyed? By a poor human struggle, self-ablation, self-mutilation? Is it to be taken away only by taking away the sinner? The Bible gives the startling answer—God Himself will die, the just for the unjust; God Himself will possess, regenerate, and inspire men. The love of the Father, the passion of the Son, the work of the Spirit. If this be not supreme blasphemy, it is the very Gospel of God.

Jim and the Stranger.

BY ROY RAMBLER.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty."
—1 COR. i. 27.

THE following story is a true incident, which we can only describe by leaving out the names for reasons which will be readily understood by those who read.

Jim is not brilliant; or gifted, but none the less a well-saved Salvationist, who has, in the first place, a personal experience that he is, beyond doubt and question, converted, and believes it his duty to get as many people saved in his spare time as possible. So it has happened that in one year he has, by privately talking to individuals whom he met during the day, been the means of no less than thirty-five people being soundly saved.

Some little time back he was given a few days' holiday, which he undoubtedly needed, as his employment keeps him at long hours indoors.

Jim decided to go to the country, and exceedingly enjoyed his daily strolls in the refreshing woods near a river, during the hot summer days. So it happened that one day he fell in with a strange gentleman, who was also taking a lonely walk.

"Good-morning, sir," said the Salvationist; "this is a lovely morning to enjoy God's glorious country air."

The weary-looking stranger smiled pleasantly at the hearty greeting, and a conversation ensued.

Jim readily told that he was a Salvationist on a few days' furlough, and with overflowing heart responded to the stranger's inquiries about the work and institutions of the Salvation Army. He warmed up to the task, and found an attentive listener.

When Jim had concluded his explanations, like a proper Salvationist, he turned square onto his companion with the query, "Are you a Christian, sir?"

"No, I am not, I am sorry to say," was the solemn reply. "I want to be a Christian, but, to tell the truth, I can't be one!"

"How is this?" retorted Jim. "Salvation is free, and is for every man, woman, and child. It is for you as well as for me, praise God!" And Jim went on fluently to expound the plan of salvation until he came in sight of some houses, when the stranger turned to go.

"Good-bye," he said to Jim, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Good-bye, sir; you have done me much good. I would like to come and see you when you get back to the city. My name is —"

Then the stranger gave a name which would at once be recognized by our readers as one of the leading financiers and millionaires of the world.

As soon as Jim could find time after his return to the city, he made his way to the office of the millionaire, attired in full uniform.

A long line of men, well-known in the circles of commerce of that city, was waiting, and when Jim stated his wish to see his chance acquaintance, the confidential secretary of the millionaire said:

"I am afraid, my dear fellow, Mr. — can't see you."

"If you will only take my card to your chief I think he will be glad to admit me."

The confidential tone of Jim impressed the secretary, who took Jim's card into the sanctum of the millionaire.

A moment later that gentleman quickly emerged from the office, and without noticing the number of gentlemen already in waiting, he heartily shook hands with Jim, saying:

"Come in, my friend; I am glad to see you again."

Jim had the discretion not to abuse his opportunity. He urged his worthy friend to accept salvation, prayed with him and received an invitation to call again.

Jim still calls there, and we hope will yet land his fish in the Kingdom of Christ.

The moral for every Salvationist is plain: "Be instant in season and out of season. Always be sincere, be a soul-saver, and be yourself."

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A HELPING HAND.

Our Social Operations Among
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"This is our Bowery Women's Shelter." We halted before an entrance to one of a row of buildings so much alike that only the numbers and signs gave a clue to distinguish between them.

The name of the wide avenue with the ugly iron structures on each side bearing the elevated railroad bed, was one of far, but doubtful, repute—The Bowery.

The stairs by which we ascended were bare, but scrupulously clean, and in the same condition we found all the floors throughout the house.

Lieut.-Colonel Scott, who has the supervision of the numerous Social Institutions for men, including the Women's Shelters in Greater New York, and is the Assistant National Social Secretary, had kindly offered to take us to see some of the institutions under his care. The ring of the bell was promptly answered by the cheerful-looking Matron, who readily showed us through the establishment. Although it was yet early in the forenoon, everything was in a clean condition, and nearly every floor ready for the night.

"How many women did you sleep last night?" asked Lieut.-Colonel Scott.

"We were nearly full; over eighty beds were taken," was the reply.

Inquiry elicited the fact that the license of the Board of Health allowed ninety-three beds, and that accommodation we have at present.

"Drink is the chief cause which brings women to having no home or place of their own. Many come here regularly at nights."

"They always want me to pray with them before they retire for the night. They will not go to bed until we have had prayer, no matter how bad they may be."

"Of course we have cases of undeserved poverty, but they are few."

Only two or three blocks from there we entered a Men's Shelter, No. 83 Bowery. It was very much on the same principle as the Women's Shelter. The stairs were covered with oilcloth on rubber pads, and the steps faced with shining brass bands, which looked quite inviting.

Upstairs we found about a score of men reading or talking quietly; one was trying his skill with needle and thread to prevent the partition of a necessary piece of his attire. There was certainly much variety of character and several stages of destitution represented.

"We were full last night, sir," replied the cheery Sergeant-Major who looks after the

"guest-book," opening the same. "In fact, we are full every night, and at this moment (it was about ten o'clock in the morning) we have all beds spoken for except about twenty or so. We have 193 beds on our four floors."

We found every dormitory and cubicle in a clean and recommendable condition. The beds were of iron, and the mattresses covered with oilcloth, reducing the possibility of vermin harboring anywhere to a minimum.

A few doors from this Shelter—at No. 21 Bowery—we found another Men's Shelter, accommodating 123 men nightly—its full capacity. It was a counterpart of No. 83—nearly all the beds had been taken for the coming night.

A few minutes' walk brought us to Chatham Square, where the Commander's latest venture is located, known as the Braveman building.

We gazed with admiration at the imposing exterior of the splendid edifice of ten stories.

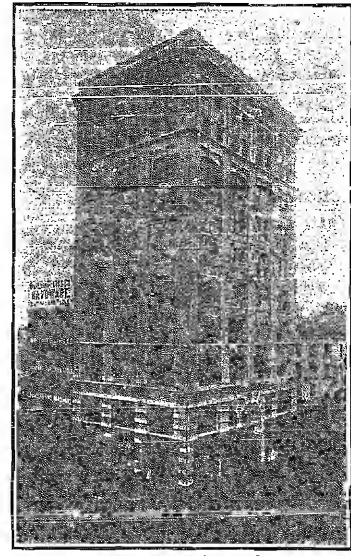
Simultaneously a party of chief officers from many distant parts of the United States, led by the genial National Secretary, Colonel Holland, arrived to view this new mammoth Shelter.

We entered by way of the office, where a man may, on payment of fifteen cents, receive a ticket entitling him to a free bath, free accommodation to wash his laundry and dry it while bathing, the use of a commodious reading-room, and a clean bed, with a locker to place his belongings in.

Going down to the basement we viewed the parcel-room (everything checked free), the laundry tubs, the drying arrangements, where many pieces may be dried in a few minutes, the row of needle and shower baths, allowing twenty-four men to be undressing, bathing, and dressing at one time, and found it all very good.

The elevator took us up to the top flat, on which thirty-six beds have been placed. The appearance of the room was excellent. Everything was clean and bright. The bronzed bedsteads and especially strong wire springs were all fitted together in a manner to absolutely exclude vermin. Every bed had a neat blue-and-white spread, and every flat complete lavatory arrangements, with marble basins, open plumbing, spring taps, etc., as well as a fire-alarm and night-watchman's controller.

From the windows opening on three sides of the room, we could see in close proximity the famous Brooklyn Bridge on one hand, and the new bridge now under construction on the other. Below us three streets converged upon the square, and with these several lines of surface and elevated railroads, making the position a



The Braveman Building, New York, Our New Superior Men's Shelter on Harold Square.

most envious one for the purpose of the Army's Workmen's Hotel.

"How many beds have you now?" we inquired.

"At present 505 beds are placed, but when another flat, which is now occupied under a lease, will be vacated we will have close upon 600 beds in all."

"Last night we registered 340 lodgers, but we have been going only a month so far, and are scarcely in proper shape yet."

"We are trying to give the working-man, who has no wife or home ties, a great deal of comfort for very little money. It will force undesirable lodging houses to improve their conditions and accommodations."

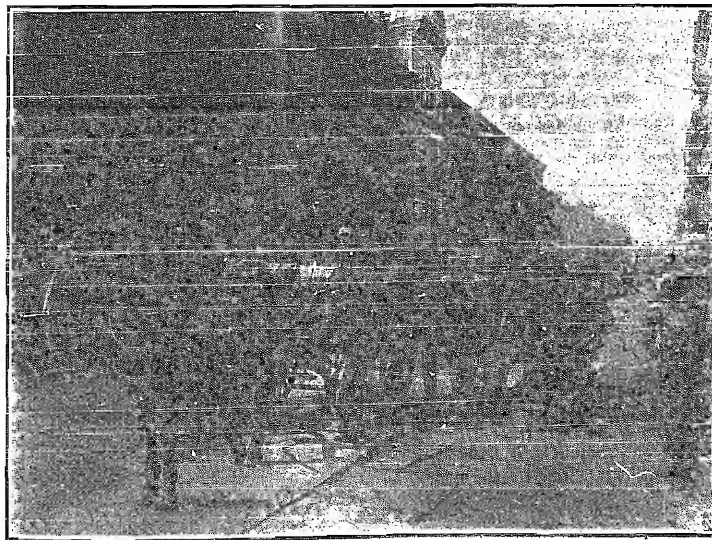
We were immensely impressed with the venture. Of course, in such a metropolis as Greater New York, with its teeming millions of people, there is an almost unlimited scope for our Social work, but we can only admire the faith which launches on such a magnificent scheme of providing really unexcelled accommodation at such a trifling cost, and so aiding many unfortunate men, chiefly mechanics and laborers, to retain their self-respect while struggling against unfortunate circumstances.

"I should like to emphasize that we are dealing with the spiritual side of this work," said Lieut.-Colonel Scott, "and we are meeting with success, many seeking and finding salvation in our Shelters."

"On Thursday nights we have a musical and social evening, and on Sundays hold salvation meetings. In my first meeting at the Braveman Building three men met at the penitent form and were saved."

One of these three converts had quite a story to tell. It appears he was a book-keeper in an office in P—, but was tempted one day by an old chum he met, to enter a saloon. At that time he had in his pocket a sum of money given to him by his employer to pay an account, and he spent a considerable portion of it in that saloon. Terrified by his deed and its probable consequences, when he sobered up a few hours later, he feared to return to his work, or even to go to his young wife and child. Taking the next train to New York he finally landed, after some bitter experience, in the Army Hotel. Work was found him, and with his consent we communicated at once with his old employer to open, if possible, a way of re-installment in his former employ with the understanding that every restitution will be made. We believe we shall succeed.

"We have eighty Shelters in the United States, which sheltered 1,700,000 men and women during last year. Some of these Homes have Food Depots connected with them, which supplied 375,000 meals last year."



Tony Coal Wagon, New York.

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THE INDUSTRIAL HOME.

Departing from the Braveman building we took the Elevated Railway to the Industrial Home for Men. A number of fine delivery waggons were standing outside waiting to unload. Entering by a covered driveway we found large crates filled with clean sorted paper, racks containing sorted bottles, and other salvage.

"We collect most of our paper from the residential districts," said the Lieut.-Colonel. "There we get the best qualities which require the least sorting and obtains the highest prices. We get many old magazines and folded papers."

"Miss Helen Goulds, when visiting this Home, noticed the stack of old magazines, and at once bought 1,000 copies, to be shipped to her 'soldier boys in Cuba.'"

"This Home has only recently been opened, but already fourteen waggons are required to gather in the salvage, which consists of waste paper, magazines, books, old furniture, cast-off clothing, boots, hats, sewing machines, lamps, pictures, and a hundred other articles; in short, everything that people don't want to take with them when they move. Two men go with each wagon, and others sort out the paper and salvage. In all, forty men are employed in this Home. The dormitories, kitchen, and dining-room are situated on the top floor."

"The Industrial Home is a very practical institution," said our guide. "It utilizes waste labor and waste material, the union of which forms capital, and enables the one to help the other. But the most practical side of the work is not only to give men food and lodging, but employment by which they earn both, and while under our care they are often persuaded to lead a better life, get converted, and face the world as new men."

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RELIEF DEPARTMENT.

When re-entering the Social Offices upon our return to National Headquarters, we noticed a number of men and women waiting their turn to see the Relief Secretary.

"We have them here daily," exclaimed Lieut.-Colonel Scott. "They are coming here for advice, for employment, and for relief. We have assisted many poor women with clothes, food, coal, and in other ways during the cold winter. Last year we received no less than 8,500 applications of this sort."

"A young man came to my office, anxious to know where he could bury his little baby. A stranger in New York, out of work, without friends and money, he knew not what to do and turned to the Salvation Army for help. This young fellow ran away from Ottawa about two years ago, with some young girl. After their marriage they went to Boston, and finally came on to New York. Baby twins were born unto them, and on the day of his visit to my office, one of the infants was dead in the house, and the other one not expected to live. We arranged for the funeral of the little one, gave assistance to the wife and other child, and obtained a situation for the husband. He is there



Lieut.-Colonel Scott, Assistant National Social Secretary, U.S.A.

now and doing well, earning about twelve dollars a week."

Another poor fellow lost his employment and was unable to find work for about two months. Having no money to fall back upon, he was unable to make his payments due on the furniture he had purchased on the instalment plan, in the expectation of having steady employment. Consequently everything was taken from him, and the family was left in the bare rooms. The man and his wife and four children slept on the bare floor and covered themselves with their scanty clothing. The Army found them in their distress, and supplied them with groceries, clothing, bed and mattress, chairs and a table, and so gave them a start in life again.

CHEAP ICE IN THE DOG-DAYS.

Ice may be a luxury in many a home of our country, but in the crowded tenements of New York City, with a tropical summer temperature, it becomes a great comfort and in some cases a necessity to life. No less than 78,931 poor families were supplied by the Army's Penny Ice Waggons last summer, and in this manner the suffering of many poor mothers and children during the hot season was alleviated.

CHEAP COAL DURING THE STRIKE.

The great coal strike, which lasted for many months, and sent the price of coal up to a prohibitive figure, would have caused incalculable misery, and many deaths, had it not been for the Army's Cheap Coal Waggons, which daily made their round in the poorest district of New York, and was always hailed with delight by the inmates of the tenement houses. No less than 125,000 families were supplied with cheap coal, which they could buy in quantities of five cents' worth and up.

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS.

When we had completed our round of visits, and had listened to the many stories of poverty and suffering which the Social Secretary can

tell so graphically, we rejoiced over what had been done by the Army to relieve it all, and over the great extent and organized efforts of our Social Work, where we have yet much scope for expansion. The Commander and Consul have certainly had the social betterment of the poor of America's cities at heart, and the Army's Social Institutions under the Stars and Stripes have increased with leaps and bounds, including now 17 Homes for Fallen Women, 23 Slum Posts, 2 Maternity Homes, 1 Women's Industrial Home, 1 Women's Boarding House, 1 Social Settlement, 6 Shelters for Waifs and Strays, 74 Shelters for the Destitute, 20 Food Depots, 1 Workmen's Club, 1 Cheap Coal Depot for the Poor, 1 Free Dispensary, 3 Farm Colonies, 30 Men's Industrial Homes, 7 Wood Yards, 3 Bureaux for Temporary and Permanent Employment, 2 Poor Men's Lawyer Departments, 2 Bureaux for Tracing Lost and Missing Friends.

Could philanthropists find a better investment for their money than giving for the support of these Homes which are operated not only on the principle to relieve temporarily, but to reform and redeem the waste of society, and so strike at the root of our great social problems?

IS ALL RIGHT THAT SEEMS RIGHT?

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. xiv. 12.

Some little time ago I heard a minister of the Gospel say that it was always right to do what seemed right. I think I have a faint idea of what he meant, but was of the opinion at the time that he was wrong in a general sense. The standard of right with people differs exceedingly.

I remember, for example, meeting a man on the street one day who was a notorious sinner. With the exception of murder, I think he was guilty of all the sins of the catalogue, and yet this particular individual had become so steeped in sin that he argued with me to try and prove there was no harm in his wickedness.

His standard of right will readily be understood was much below par, so that which seemed right to him was entirely wrong. Christ says: "I am the way." (John xiv. 6.) He, then, is our example. In His footsteps we must tread if we are at least to reach the Golden City and hear His blessed "Well done!"

All that seems right is not necessarily right, as our spiritual vision, in an unregenerated state is more or less darkened. By comparing ourselves with the Perfect One, we shall get nearer to the truth of what is right. Then by daily asking the guidance of Christ, our feet will be kept treading in the straight and narrow way that eventually leads to life eternal.—A. E.

Statistics show that out of the total of London's curable drunkards—offenders who have been convicted more than ten times—8,000 are women and 4,300 men. In twenty years the deaths of women from chronic alcoholism increased over 145 per cent.



Use of the Numerous Fresh Air Camps.

A Salvage Store.

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"Save Me, Sir!"

(To our frontispiece.)

If certain periods in the development of the human have been named the Stone Age, Bronze Age, and Iron Age, the present time might, for many reasons, be named the Age of Gold. Never in the history of this world has gold been mined in such enormous quantities, or has been in such extensive circulation as at the present date. Gold forms the standard of value among the chief nations of the world, and to acquire gold quickly and in great quantities is the ambition of mankind.

The love of money is the root of all evil, the Scriptures declare, and never was this more vividly illustrated than to-day. The love of money—not money itself, which is a proper and necessary medium of exchange—but the love of money is the root of all the social problems of to-day. If it did not dominate the race there would be no destitution and distress, no starvation and suffering, no drifting into crime for want of an opportunity to win an honest living. Men are so absorbed in their own chase after fortune that they find no time to be in any sense their brother's keeper. Abel is old enough to take care of himself. If he is slain, they say, "What a pity!" and out of a momentary compunction contribute a trifle towards the funeral expenses, and then go on again in their mad chase after gold.

When the news of fabulous finds of gold in the vast stretches of the Yukon valley reached the world, a mad rush of men for that region started at once, and every available vessel, many unseaworthy among them, was pressed into service to convey the thousands of gold-hunters to the new Eldorado. Several boats sank on their way to the alluring north, hundreds succumbed to privation, fever, climate, and starvation. Many spent all their savings, and came out beggars, but a few found fortunes in a short time.

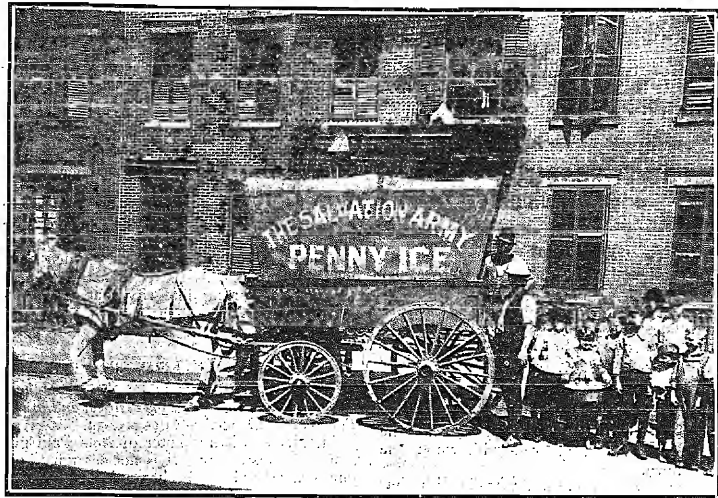
Among those fortunate men who returned among the first with his wealth was a stalwart miner. He had converted all his nuggets and dust into paper and gold pieces, which he stowed in a broad belt worn around his waist. He had secured enough to allow him to live in such luxury as he desired for the remainder of his life, and he spent much time of the home journey in making plans how to invest his money, and how to order his living.

They had sighted the Straits of Fuca already when a sudden storm burst upon them with great fury, and swept the decks. Huge waves broke in rapid succession against the creaking hull of the vessel, and often went clean over it, till the worn timber succumbed to the attack of the raging billows, and the vessel began to sink.

All was confusion among the passengers. The life-boats were loosened and filled quickly only to capsize in the foaming sea. One miner who had manly given his place in the life-boat to a woman was left apparently alone behind. He was strong and a good swimmer. Land was not far away, and he would stand a good chance to save his life. He was just buckling on his belt, with its golden burden, tighter, to make it secure, previous to divesting himself of his coat, when a little girl, with a frightened countenance, came up on deck from below, and seeing the strong man standing there, flew to him with outstretched arms, crying in pleading distress: "Save me, sir, save me!"

The miner looked at the winsome form before him and quickly calculated that he could not swim with the burdens of the child and gold in his belt. Which was it to be—the child or the gold? It did not take him long to decide. In the moment of supreme test, to his credit be it said, he decided for the better part. Quickly unfastening his belt he flung his fortune from him into the sea; then tying the little girl securely to his back, he flung himself bravely into the angry sea. The knowledge of having done a good deed gave him strength, and he struggled on against great odds.

Almost within touch of the shore his strength



12245 100 Wagon, New York.

forsook him, and he fainted; but the waves, seemingly in sympathy with a hero's brave act, washed him ashore. There the little girl managed to free herself and watched beside him. When our hero opened his eyes he muttered: "All is lost!"

"No, I am here," said the child, putting her arms around him, and leaning her soft cheek on his rough face, "I am with you."

A new light overspread his features and tears suffused his sight when he looked upon the little form he had saved, and said, "Yes, thank God, you are here, and you have saved me. We shall always stay together."

Thousands of men and women are under the sway of sin. Selfishness dominates their thoughts and deeds. Even among many professing Christians, of all denominations, a large percentage seek only to save their own soul, and never mind what becomes of the man next door. It would hinder them in the enjoyment of life, in the making of their fortune, in the accomplishing their dreams, to stop and help to save others. Yet the wrecks of life strew the shores of time. Many a sinking soul cries out, "Save me!" but there is no response. What is it going to be? Your own self-considerations, or the salvation of your neighbor? You cannot serve two ends. You cannot look after Number One and seek to save Number Two. Fling your selfish ambitions overboard. They will sink you finally. They will kill the finest instincts of your soul, and blunt the noble sensibility of your spirit. Fling them from you and save living men and women, who will bless you through life and thank you in heaven through eternity for your better choice.

"No man ever yet said, 'Now I will sit down and be perfectly happy.' Happiness does not come by seeking it, but it is an accompaniment of a certain condition of soul. The only happy man in the world is he who seeks to be right and does not make happiness his chief aim."—Faithful Witness.



Capt. G. McDonald and Cadet Leas, Digby, N.S.

GOD'S MESSENGERS.

(Genesis xix. 1.)

BY ADJ. T. BOGGS.

I think I see Lot as he sat in the gate of Sodom. It was the evening hour; the toils and business of the day were past. Perhaps he was thinking of his possessions, and how beautiful the city was, for it was even as the garden of the Lord. He thought he was secure, no danger seemed near, yet he was in a doomed city.

It is the same in our day. When the shades of night are gathering around us, we are reminded that life's day is passing away without any effort being put forth for God and heaven. It is in the quiet eventide that conscience has a chance to speak. If people would pay less attention to the things that are pleasing to the eye and more to the affairs of the eternal city, they would enter in at the straight gate.

Lot made a fatal mistake in choosing Sodom to live in. Here many make the same mistake, and have found out that their choice of many of the things of time have meant, in the end, the loss of their coveted treasure, and have just escaped by the Lord being as merciful to them as He was with Lot—saved as by fire.

God always sends His messenger to warn those who live in the City of Destruction.

Two angels came to Lot. Sorrows, deaths, losses, sermons, and Army meetings are God's messengers to you who are indifferent to the many messages you have heard. No one ever yet died in their sins without being warned by some messenger of God. Something has happened among your associates, or a dear one may have been taken from your family. It was God's call to you. I have known many who have heard the voice of God through His own word, others in the songs of salvation. People who pass by every chance to escape, refuse every call, and sink at last in the burning flame, will have none but themselves to blame. Oh, make haste, even if it means getting out of the doomed city to the mountain of God's mercy alone. Leave the pleasant valley of sin and evil companions, and don't look back, press right into the Kingdom of heaven. Heed this simple warning and "escape for your life."

Reports show that the State of Mississippi, which is one of the strongest prohibition States in the Union, all but a few counties being, by local option, under prohibition rule, had a surplus of \$1,000,000 in its treasury last year.

The knowledge of man is as the waters, some descending from above, and some springing from beneath; and one informed by the light of nature, and the other inspired by divine revelation.

OUR SOLDIERS' PAGE

DAILY READINGS ILLUSTRATED.

SUNDAY.

"He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—HEB. xiii. 5.

Oh, for faith as a grain of mustard seed to believe the promises in His Holy Word. Let us trust God more, then our prayers are more likely to be answered. It is astonishing how perfectly a woman trusts the man to whom she gives herself when she identifies her interests with his. This was amusingly shown by a reply which a newly-married Irish girl gave. She had called to see the mistress with whom she had last lived.

"I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the lady. "Are you not afraid of such a long voyage?"

"Well, ma'am, that's his look out," answered Kitty. "I belong to him now, and if anything happens to me, my husband will be responsible."

MONDAY.

"Wherefore discourage ye the heart of the Children of Israel from going over into the land which the Lord hath given them?"—NUM. xxii. 27.

We may in our day properly use these words of Moses, to the many so-called Christians who seem to think it their special duty to discourage the faltering and weak.

In a telegram from Ladysmith, dated Feb. 17th, 1900, this piece of news was given: "One civilian has been sentenced by court martial to a year's imprisonment for causing despondency." This explanation follows: "He used to be asking the pickets of the Devons when they were going to walk off to Pretoria, and indulge in other talk of the same kind." Does the punishment seem severe? He struck no actual blow for the enemy, it seems; and yet to say even a word that might cause despondency at that critical time, when the fortunes of the brave garrison and of the townfolk were trembling in the balance, was a crime against his country, and a wrong to those who were fighting against desperate odds. Everything depended on maintaining the fine courage of the troops, and a discouraging word might lead to a panic that would have disastrous consequences. A man who is a discourager may do infinite harm to a band of sorely pressed Christian workers, while a heartening word may bring an accession of conquering strength.

TUESDAY.

"Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations."—1 PET. i. 6.

If you want to sail in the Gospel ship you will have to work your passage.

I have seen a blacksmith stand on one side of his anvil, while the striker with his sledge-hammer, stood on the other. The blacksmith would turn the iron over and touch it here and there with his little hammer, and the heavy blows of the striker would mould and shape it to his will. But I could never see the object of the little hammer until one day I asked a blacksmith, and he told me that with his little hammer he directed the blows of the striker, touching the iron where the blow was to fall. Instead of murmuring and complaining at our trials and temptations, we should thank God for them, for they are the necessary means for our perfecting.

WEDNESDAY.

"Having a good conscience that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evil-doers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ."—1 PET. iii. 16.

How prone we are to resent any word that might be said against us. What need we care so long as we have a good conscience? We need not be so particular.

Brains and executive ability are potent factors in a man's success, but without the firmest and most thoroughly grounded principles of cardinal honesty, they are factors which cannot make success. It is the combination of great ability and sterling integrity that places men in control of large interests and keeps them there.

THURSDAY.

"Yea, ye yourselves know that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me."—ACTS xx. 34.

In this twentieth chapter of Acts Paul gives a splendid testimony. It is not enough to pilot our own way along the heavenly road, but our duty to help those who are weaker in the faith than ourselves.

A suggestive story is that of a poor woman, who, by reason of need, was kept from many a service for her Master—which she thought He might require of her hands; and she was dying. She was saying to her young daughter, who stood near the bed, that she regretted her fruitless life; she was wishing she might have more to show her Master when she met Him face to face. "Mother," sobbed the daughter, "show Him your fingers." No, she was not to be saved by the work of her hands, but she was to be blessed by the ministry of those hands!

FRIDAY.

"I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fulness of the Gospel of Christ."—ROM. xv. 29.

This is the condition in which we should go to the needy. A blessed experience had the apostle Paul.

At a railway station a benevolent man found a school-boy crying because he had not enough to pay his way home. He remembered instantly how, years before, he had been in the same plight, and had been helped by some unknown friend who enjoined upon him that some day he should pass that kindness on. Now he saw the opportunity spoken of had come. He took the weeping boy aside, heard his story, and paid his fare, and asked him in turn to pass the kindness on. As the train moved off from the station the lad waved his hand to the benefactor, and cried cheerily, "I will pass it on, sir."

The way to get bigger blessings is to pass on those we have. Are we saved? Let us pass it on. Sanctified? The same. Winners of souls? Let us teach others the secret of our success.

SATURDAY.

"Now, therefore, go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."—EX. iv. 12.

We may feel weak and helpless, but if we press forward in His strength, and do for His sake what we can, we shall receive abundant reward.

During the Crimean War a number of Russian ladies volunteered to look after the sick and wounded in the hospitals. Amongst them was one who appeared to the authorities too delicate and inexperienced for such difficult and trying work. She had never been in hospital, and did not know how to bind wounds, nor had she the necessary strength. But she pleaded earnestly to be allowed to go. When asked what she could do, she replied, "While others tend those for whom there is hope, I can give water to the dying, and write down their last messages to their loved ones." Her offer was accepted, and as the war went on this lady might be seen in the hospitals or on the battlefield, singling out the dying, slaking their burning thirst, or writing down their farewell words. Of all who toiled behind the scenes, she came to be the best known and loved.

EVOLUTION OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

JAPAN.—(Concluded.)

FINANCE.

The Army in Japan has already gained the confidence of many of the most influential people of Japan. No better illustration of this can be found than the amount subscribed for our financial efforts.

It is true that, looked at from our standpoint, the amounts raised seem small, but it has to be borne in mind that the people of Japan are not used to giving in this way or for Christian purposes.

Among those who have helped the Army in the past are Prince Konoye, President of the House of Peers; Mr. Kataoka, Member of the Privy Council; Baron Enomoto; the Mayor of Tokyo; Viscount Yamao; the Governors of Vrawa and Negishi jails; the well-known bankers Mitsui; two tobacco companies; President Honda, of the Methodist College, Tokyo; churches at Matsuy, Shizuoka, Yokosuka; girls at several Christian schools, etc.

One interesting contribution came from the gentleman who interpreted for Colonel Wright at the first Salvation Army meeting held in Tokyo. At that meeting the Colonel and his people were stranded on the platform of the hall, the interpreter arranged for being unable to come. This gentleman volunteered his services. He did well till the prayer meeting, when the Colonel desired to press salvation on his hearers. The volunteer interpreter flatly refused, saying:

"I cannot urge the people like that!" "Well, then, just say they must give up their sins and be converted through Jesus Christ."

"But I have told them that once," returned the gentleman, and with that he pronounced the benediction and closed the meeting! But he is still interested in us and our persistence.

Some particulars relating to the recent Self-Denial effort, written by Major Duce, the Chief Secretary for that country, will be found of great interest. The Major states:

"We have just celebrated Self-Denial Week in Japan, and it has occurred to us that readers of the War Cry would be interested to see how heartily their comrades in this country have entered into the spirit and practice of self-sacrifice. The following is a free translation of a few incidents which have appeared in recent numbers of our war cry in connection with this year's Self-Denial effort. In order to be able to set a proper estimate upon these interesting instances of Self-Denial, it must be always borne in mind that Japan and the Japanese are exceedingly poor, they live ordinarily on the simplest fare, and scarcely know the meaning of wealth.

"A number of students went for a holiday walk. At the end of the outing they wondered what they should do with their *waraji* (straw sandals used for such walking). At last one said, 'Sell them to me, and I will give them to the Salvation Army Self-Denial Fund.' To which the others replied, 'Oh, if that is the case, there is no need for you to buy the sandals—we will give them.'

"Two of the students thereupon marched off to our Headquarters with sixty pairs of sandals to be sold for the benefit of the Self-Denial effort. After they had delivered these they asked to be prayed with and spoken to about salvation.

"One of our Women-soldiers of Tokyo V., who hawks boiled beans, wanted to do something for the Self-Denial effort. She therefore carefully estimated the lowest amount on which she could live during that week, and gave all the money she earned over and above that amount to the fund."

There are many touching incidents of true self-denial, but space forbids to mention more to-day.

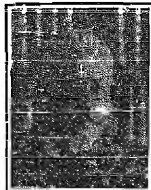
It is worth while to do even the smallest kindnesses as we go through life. Nothing is lost. No dewdrop perishes, but sinking into the flower makes it sweeter.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

THE LAST OF
"THE BIG FOUR."

(St. Louis Christian Advocate.)

The fact that three-fourths of the "Big Four" of modern English evangelism have gone to their reward, makes this old hero all the more sublime in his loneliness. Charles Spurgeon, Hugh Price Hughes, Joseph Parker, and William Booth during the last half of the nineteenth century brought the civilized world under obligations to Methodism, for they were all converted at Methodist altars. We have studied General Booth and his work in various parts of the world, but we were never more profoundly impressed than on last Sunday afternoon. The intense cold, wind, and



The Late Charles Spurgeon.

snow were hard to face, but one of the finest and largest theatres in St. Louis was crowded. The stage was filled with the distinguished representatives of church and state. On General Booth's left sat Bishop Tuttle, of the Episcopal Church, and on his right sat ex-Governor Francis, once a member of the cabinet of President Cleveland, and now President of the World's Fair, both of whom were intensely interested in everything said and done.

Mayor Rolla Wells, who presided, introduced the distinguished guest and speaker with a sparkling, comprehensive, and complimentary speech, earnestly endorsing the noble and praiseworthy work of the Salvation Army. When the old Roman arose to his slim, erect, majestic height, with his long white hair and flowing beard, the very picture of one of the prophets of olden time, the applause was overwhelming! For an hour and twenty minutes he held the vast throng spellbound between tears and smiles, listening to the graphic story of his marvelous life-work in "The Past, Present, and Future of the Salvation Army," with nearly forty years of evolution, development, and history. An Army working in thirty-two languages, and under the flags of forty-nine nations, whose drum-beat and 1,700 brass bands never cease their roll around the world; and whose 15,000 officers never touch intoxicants or tobacco in any form! It publishes twenty-one War Crys in various languages, and sells over 1,000,000 copies every week.

Into 103 Rescue Homes, 25,129 women and girls have been received, 20,839 of whom have been restored to friends or sent to good situations for work; 5,790 ex-criminals have been received into Homes, 3,683 of whom have been restored to friends or sent to situation for work; 27,624 lost persons have been sought, 10,841 of whom have been found and restored to friends. Employment has been found for 122,111 persons, and \$1,993,052 received for food and lodgings, besides the great multitude of children cared for in the scores of Children's Homes in various nations of the earth.

MOURNERS' BENCH IN A THEATRE.

While the Salvation Army is working more especially for the submerged, the unfortunate, and poor, the old General on his international tours gets an opportunity to preach a great deal of plain, straight, old-fashioned Gospel to many rich people who seldom go to church. He tells these rich people very plainly and candidly that about the only use he can make of them is to get their money with which to



The Late Rev. Hugh Price Hughes.

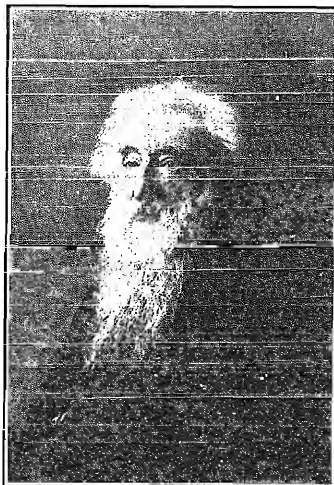
help the poor and to rescue the profligate and fallen sons and daughters of the rich. In his morning, afternoon, and night services Sunday, he spoke with remarkable vigor many hours, to great audiences, many of whom were cut to

the heart with conviction, and went forward for prayer. It was a strange and encouraging sight to witness such manifest power of the Holy Ghost in a place where so much gilded worldliness and splendid devilment is accustomed to rage and reign. A novel sight when scores of penitents knelt in an orchestra for prayer, and the green room crowded with inquirers. At ten o'clock Sunday night crowds were gazing down from the galleries in silent wonder, while doubtless the angels were gazing from the battlements of heaven in rapture and praise.

We have worshipped with this Army under so many flags and in so many lands, it is easy now to catch the keynote of their glorious enthusiasm and songs, and clap our hands as heartily as they do. Some of our dignified friends looked on with smiling astonishment, as if they thought it a brand new experience with us. We have worshipped with them in languages we little understood, but their Amens! Halleluiahs! and hand-clapping were always in English, enabling our heart to comprehend many things that the brain could not. We would not leave Methodism to join anything beneath the stars, but if there was no Methodism in the world, we should join the Salvation Army.

AMERICAN ORIGIN OF ARMY.

While we cannot say the Salvation Army was of American origin, we may say there was



General William Booth.

an American John the Baptist, or forerunner, who prepared the way. During the great revival in Great Britain nearly sixty years ago, in which 20,000 professed faith in Christ, and 10,000 professed sanctification, a wild and wicked boy of fifteen, summers heard James Caughey, the leader of that revival, preach, and was wonderfully converted. Like Hugh Price Hughes, he began at once to preach and exhort in the cottages, byways, and highways. At nineteen he was anxious to enter the regular traveling ministry, but he was told that he would be dead in a year. He served as supply for different churches, and was a fiery evangelist, conducting many remarkable revivals, but lamented all the time that the great throngs of the unsaved masses of the world were but little touched by such revivals of church members and church goers.

In 1865 he found himself in East London with 1,000,000 people within a mile of him who never entered a church. He had married Catherine Mumford, a woman of extraordinary intelligence, culture, and consecration. Trusting God to provide for and take care of them, they pitched a tent in an old Quaker burying-ground, determined to spend their lives in rescuing the perishing millions. From this tent they went to a penny museum, over the entrance of which

were the following words: "No respectable people are expected to enter here!" This extraordinary sign attracted multitudes of the very element they had started out to reach. Instead of announcing who would preach, some notorious gambler or pugilist, who had been rescued, would be advertised to tell his experience.



The Late Joseph Parker, D.D.

Up to 1878 the work was called "The Christian Mission." The man who was writing the annual report of the work for that year, in trying to explain in a single short sentence the nature of the work, wrote: The Christian Mission is a Voluntary Army. Wm. Booth happened to be looking over the writer's shoulder at the time, when he took the writer's pen and crossed out the word *voluntary*, and wrote in its stead *salvation*. The sentence then read: The Christian Mission is a *Salvation Army*. It was one of those seemingly accidental but happy hits which has resulted in the marvelous evolution. As to how far it will extend beyond the death of the founder it would be difficult to even guess. General Booth will be seventy-four years old April 10th. There is a peculiar pathos in his present tour, from the fact that most of his auditors feel that they are hearing him for the last time on earth. Doubtless ere long he will join the other members of the great quartet: Hughes, Parker, and Spurgeon. We are much indebted to them all for helps along the journey of life.

The Boston Journal's Opinion.

"Tom Reed's remark, that the American people love a man who does things, may explain in part the attitude of the average American toward General William Booth, and the organization of which he is the founder and head."

"If support of the Salvation Army were limited to those who are fully in sympathy either with its methods or its theology—if it may be said to have any theology—the case would be very different. But it is results, not methods, which count most in the making up of popular judgment. However much the noise of the drums and the jingling of the tambourines may get upon one's nerves, however far one's religious ideas may be separated from the crudities of the Salvationists' appeals, what one sees is, that somehow, by means of all this racket and this crudity, or in spite of them, a great work is being done. The unchurched are reached. The slums are moved. Thousands of men and women whose case, morally and socially, seemed hopeless, are lifted into lives of sobriety, thrift, and self-respect. All this is apparent to those who have thought only of this world. To those who believe in another, these truths are of vastly greater import."

The Drunkard.

Have . . . not seen you leaden-eyed, clay-pated, almost dumb, with pain hammering at your temples, your hand shaking like a leaf, your mouth like the mouth of an oven, and your tongue, I am sure of it, like burnt leather? And for what? For some six hours' madness the night before! You were left a comfortable competence. Where is it now? Gone. The bottle is the devil's crucible and melts all! You were tolerably good-looking, but now is your countenance but a tavern sign. There was a time when your word was as true as gold, and now on whom can you pass it? You had friends. But there is mortal fever in the reputation of a drunkard. You had a wife. Has she a husband? No. She vowed to love a man, and you are a liquor-cask. You have children, poor things! They see a satyr sprawl and reel before them, and in their innocence blush not as yet to call the creature father. It is in the tavern cellar that the devil draws up his army array against the brains and good resolves of men.—D. Jerrold.

The War Cry.

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All Cheques, P. O. and Express Orders should be made payable to Evangelizing House.
All manuscripts to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

GAZETTE.

Promotion—

Cadet Knudson to be Pro-Lieutenant at Helena.

Appointment—

ENSIGN SOUTHALL to Jamestown, N.D.
EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Commissioner.



The Siege.

Second Children's Week.—A frequent mistake made in the children's work is the tendency to treat them as adults, forgetting that children require teaching, not preaching. Keep the idea of teaching in mind in all your children's efforts, whether it be Band of Love, or Junior Companies, or general children's meetings. Children are anxious to learn if the matter taught is presented in an attractive and simple manner. The children are a key to the future, and often the key to the hearts of the unconverted parents, therefore they should have our earnest and patient consideration.

The Siege promises very satisfactory results, and as in former years so we fully expect this year our target will be reached in every particular. It is most refreshing to read the many encouraging reports, many of which have appeared in the pages of the Cry.

Selfishness Glorified.

The great danger that threatens Christianity to-day is not so much gross crime—although of two evils one would rather attempt the eradication of gross crime than to attack the slippery, refined sins of civilization—but selfishness. The old-fashioned, plain denunciation of selfish ambitions and selfish pushing to the front at the expense of the weaker man seems to be becoming a rare virtue, and there is a tendency to give to basely selfish effort a high sounding name, intended to excuse, to cover, or even to glorify it. We should beware of that rock, lest we should make it an altar to sacrifice some of our best principles to the thousand-headed god of selfishness.

Preach self-denial and obedience to the old-fashioned laws of God and the great commandment of Love to God and Thy neighbor, which is the surest antidote to the development of selfishness.

Soul-Saving at Lippincott.

Brigadier Southall's visit to the Lippincott corps will not soon be forgotten. His soul-stirring addresses at all meetings left their impress upon all hearts. The texts from which he spoke were not new, but his explanations and the originality of thought upon the Scriptures were feasts to both mind and soul. Crowds all day were exceptionally good, and the day finished with four souls crying to God for mercy.

Siege Specials.

Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire at Hamilton I.

Mighty Sunday at Hamilton I. Began with old-fashioned love-feast. Holiness meeting melting time. Afternoon, hearts were touched and three surrendered. Night, the Citadel packed and gallery filled. Wonderful conviction. Soldiers and bandmen held on to the last. Twenty souls up to the present. More to follow. Hallelujah to the Lamb! Staff-Capt. and Mrs. McAmmond and soldiers jubilant.—Lieut.-Col. Pugmire.

A Good Day at the Temple.

Brigadier and Adj. Collier united at the Temple corps on Sunday last, and conducted a very successful series of meetings. From kneed-drill throughout the day God's power and presence were realised, and the day's fighting resulted in the capture of nine souls. Crowds and finances were excellent.—J. B.

Siege Victories at London.

(Special.)

During the past week's special meetings the devil has suffered a number of defeats. God has made His arm bare in the salvation of almost a score of sinners. Officers and soldiers were full of faith for a mighty victory on Sunday. Brigadier McMillan was in command. The day's fight began well, with twenty-five present at kneed-drill. At the holiness meeting God came down in power, and nine came forward for the blessing of a clean heart. In the afternoon the devil again lost several of his followers. At night a nice crowd was present in the Citadel. The Spirit was felt, and one backslider was reclaimed.

Altogether twenty souls have knelt at the mercy seat during the eight days' special meetings. To God be all the glory.—Amo Dies.

On the Move.

(By Wire.)

The visit of Adj. Mrs. Payne, Adj. Beckstead, and little Alex., will live long in the memory of the people of Yarmouth. Great crowds, good finances, income for week-end over thirty-five dollars. Soldiers and officers delighted, and sinners weeping all over the meeting. Everybody astonished at the preaching and singing of little Alex. Sunday night, fifteen souls—twelve Seniors and three Juniors—also fifteen Juniors at the special Junior meeting conducted by little Alex. All say, "Come again soon."—Adj. S. Wiggins.

S. S. Troop at Hespeler.

Glorious start in our special meetings in Hespeler. Sixteen forward yesterday (Sunday). Building packed, people turned away. Thirty-two have come to the Saviour in six days. Interest is rising. Great things are expected to take place before we get through here. To God be all the glory.—Ensign Campbell.

Capt. Charlton had just got settled in her new appointment, Carberry, Man., when she received a wire from her home, in Detroit, Mich., urging her to proceed at once if she wished to see her sister alive. She hastened homewards on the first train, but we regret to say arrived too late—her sister had passed away in the meantime, and was buried the afternoon before the Captain arrived. We are glad to say she left a bright testimony behind. We are sure the Captain has the sympathy and prayers of every comrade-officer and soldier in the Territory. May the God of all consolation sustain our comrade. Adj. Taylor, who is unable to take an appointment at present, through throat trouble, bravely filled the breach in the Captain's absence.

Territorial Newslets.

Brigadier Pickering has several new openings in the Central Ontario Province under consideration.

It is always good news to the Editorial Department to hear of increases in the sales of War Cry and Young Soldiers, and the information that the Cry at the Soo have been increased one hundred, with a prospect of ordering more, is an achievement upon which we offer our heartiest congratulations to the officers.

Adj. and Mrs. Byers have been appointed to St. John's, Nfld.

Adj. Graham, recently transferred from Canada to the U.S.A., and last stationed in the Bermudas, has taken charge of Cleveland I.

There is every reason to entertain great hopes for the results of the Siege. The soul-saving which has been going on all over the Territory of late weeks especially, is cause for loud hallelujahs.

Our work continues on the up-grade in the Yukon. A letter just received from Adj. Kenway contains most cheering information. The crowds attending our indoor meetings are larger than for some time, and quite a number of souls have knelt at the mercy seat recently. It is no small matter in that land of wealth to turn the eyes of the gold-seekers from the mammon of this world to Calvary's Lamb, so that to learn of men and women crying to God for pardon is doubly pleasing.

Some three or four years ago our property in Tweed was taken out of the hands of the S. A. Matters have now been satisfactorily adjusted and the Army has again secured its building. The prospects for the corps are, therefore, brighter than for some time past.

A man who was saved at Skagway, Ala., and eventually became a soldier, was compelled to leave the town in search of suitable employment. It is touching to note that upon receiving his first wages he forwarded to the officers \$15 to pay his cartridge money, which was in arrears.

Alterations to our property in Quebec have been made to the extent of \$2,000. Twelve hundred dollars of this amount have been paid locally, and it is expected to raise the balance within a few months.

Previous to this expenditure the building was almost uninhabitable, but it is now one of the most complete and most compact in the East Ontario Province.

The revival meetings of Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, at Hamilton I., have been very successful, resulting in excellent crowds, increased interest generally, and a harvest of souls. The band is to be commended for the whole-hearted interest it displayed in the meetings, and the way the bandmen rallied around the Lieutenant-Colonel in the special campaign.

The Commissioner has specially appointed Staff-Capt. H. Morris to look after the interests of bandmen throughout the Territory. Bandmasters and bandmen desiring information or help will find it to their advantage to communicate with the Staff Bandmaster. Many for years have availed themselves of his services, but the Commissioner is anxious that all our comrades in the Territory should have the benefit of the Staff-Captain's advice and assistance in matters pertaining to music and instruments.

Major and Mrs. Burditt, assisted by the Chancellor and his wife, together with Provincial Headquarters Staff, have been conducting a series of special meetings during the last eight days, at Winnipeg. They have been seasons of blessing and power, and souls have pressed their way to the mercy seat at every service. Some splendid cases—one an ex-officer from Scotland—have been among the number, and also a prospective Candidate of great promise. The crowds have been wonderful, interest splendid, and finances A. I.

Adj. Thomas, too, is among the sorrowing. She is mourning the loss of her sister. The sad intelligence was received too late for the Adjutant to get home. We pray that God will bless her, and while distance separates our comrade from home and friends, may she feel in a special sense the comforting influence of the Holy Ghost.

A LETTER FROM THE COMMISSIONER TO THE CHILDREN.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

This particular Sunday all over the Territory special meetings are being held for the purpose of leading little children to Jesus, and I want to tell you why I think it is so beautiful to give your heart to the Lord while young.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

First. You see, we can never tell when death is coming. We may live until we grow up to manhood and womanhood, and we may not. Thousands and tens of thousands die when quite little children, and it is therefore much the best to give our hearts to God when we are young, instead of leaving it until we are older, for we may never be older. I knew a little girl of about ten years of age, who, when dying, said to her mother: "I can see gates—big gates, shining gates—and I can see children—lots of children, thousands of children—all in white, and not any of them are any bigger than I am."

And so Jesus carries away thousands for His large nursery in that beautiful world who have only lived a very little time down here. Because of this it is very much the best to give our heart to Him and to be made ready for the white robe of the glorified while we are young, so that we shall be ready to go at any time the Lord may send for us.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Second. Through being converted early we may be preserved from a great deal of evil, and therefore a great deal of sorrow. The more familiar we get with sin and wrong-doing, the harder it is to break away from it, and the more spoiled our characters become, which God wants to be beautiful and noble to serve Him with. Have you ever seen a young plant leaning in the wrong direction, and watched the gardener as he straightened it and fastened it to a tiny stick so that it grew up in the right way and strong? It was easy to do when the plant was only young, but if it had been left in its crookedness to grow old, to straighten it would then be a very difficult matter, and would most likely mean breaking it. So while our hearts are young and our characters are forming, we want to get them fastened to the rod of God's righteousness, then we shall grow up straight and good and true.

Sin and wickedness are dreadful evils. They spoil our minds so that we cannot think good and right thoughts as we ought to do; they spoil our hearts and make them hard instead of tender, so that we cannot feel kind and loving feelings as we should; they spoil our lives—put so much in them that we do not like to look back upon or remember—dark things which God writes down in His great books in order that He may ask us about them on the judgment day, when it will be too late to repent. And with some they even spoil the face—in fact, it is so with nearly all, for there are very few people who cannot tell a good or a bad boy by his face. Then sin brings so much sorrow. It makes us unhappy, discontented,

miserable inside. You may be poor and have a poor home, but it is not your poverty that makes you unhappy. The poorest are often the most glad. You may be sick or crippled, but it is not your misfortune which makes your heart heavy, for those who suffer are often the most peaceful. But you know it is because you are wrong, and away from God, and not doing those things which are right. I know a little cripple boy on crutches; he can not run, and climb, and leap, or take sides in the baseball game like other boys; he can only stand leaning up against the wall looking on at all the fun. But, oh! there is no boy more happy than he, because he is a saved boy, and everybody who knows him loves him, and the bigger, stronger boys of the school are only too pleased to help to take care of him, because they say he is so good. And so children who are really saved, no matter what their circumstances, they are always happy.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Third. If you should live to be ever so old, it is so beautiful to look back upon a whole life given to God—no early years of wicked doings and feelings spoiling the record, but every day spent in climbing the hill of righteousness, and by your influence for good and outstretched hands, both when they were little hands and big hands, doing your best to help others to climb it too. Like the little dew drops do so much toward watering all the big earth, so little children can do such a lot toward saving the world. They can help in the home—they can help in the school they can help in the street—by living like Jesus, and singing of Jesus, and talking of Jesus. Great numbers of children have led even their own parents to God, and if your parents are not converted, the Lord will help you to win them for Him, if you are yourself converted and serve Him faithfully. A little time ago someone called me out of my office to shake hands with a very tall man. The tall man had gray hair, almost white, and when he shook hands with me the tears filled his eyes, and he said: "You led me to Jesus when you were a little girl and I was a young man, and I want to thank you for it." How beautiful it will be when before the Throne of God, when all the angels are singing of His love, we are introduced to those whom we have led to Him when we were but among the babies of His flock.

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

Lastly, my little children, we should love God and serve God because He gave His Son to die for us, and calls us to Him now.

Yours, praying for you,

Wangene Brooks

Commissioner.

Japanese Self-Denial Incidents.

"A woman-officer went collecting from door to door, carrying her baby on her back. At one of the houses at which she called the master said, 'What a rude thing for you to do—to come to my house collecting with a baby on your back.' He would, therefore, give nothing."

"But at another house a little further on, the master said, 'Well, I do admire an earnestness that leads you to come out collecting carrying such a heavy child on your back.' He promptly gave the officer a silver coin."

"An old lady at a milk shop in one of the Tokyo districts is a War Cry customer. When

the officer called on her during Self-Denial Week she received him gladly, saying, 'Here is sixpence for Self-Denial; I have saved this by going without the daily paper for a month.' She also gave the tired Captain a refreshing drink of milk."

"A doctor at Osaka, who has been a Christian for over thirty years, has just become a Salvation soldier. When he first put an Army band around his hat and went out, the people stared so that he felt rather troubled, but during Self-Denial Week he got the victory over this. One man upon whom he called said:

"Why, what is this?"
"Oh," replied the doctor, "I have started

now as a doctor of souls, as well as a doctor of bodies."

"The man was so taken with the idea that he gave a donation of five shillings."

"At a country town, where there is no corps as yet, a little boy of six heard about the Self-Denial Week, and said, 'If I keep Self-Denial and send the money to the Salvation Army, God will be pleased.' He therefore saved all the cash he received for running errands. His children-friends and Sunday-School companions hearing of this, they all contributed something, while his mother and grandmother did some special work every evening, and gave the proceeds towards the fund."



Canadian Cuttings—

Parliament was opened in very brilliant fashion at Ottawa.

Sir Wilfred Laurier will introduce a bill to provide for an increase of the Chinese capitation tax from \$100 to \$500.

Interviewed at Queenstown, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, President of the C.P.R., said he hoped the Atlantic mail contract would be settled before he returned to Canada.

The application for Parliament for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway charter has been amended so as to include a road from Gravenhurst to Quebec.

Mr. F. T. Congdon was sworn in as Governor of the Yukon, at Ottawa, and left for Dawson with his family.

A Queen's University student was arrested at Lansdowne in the act of robbing a grave in the cemetery.

Mr. Justice Armour, of the Supreme Court, and Sir Louis Jette, Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, have been appointed to act with Lord Alverstone of England, as commissioners on the Alaska boundary tribunal.

The full court of Manitoba has given judgment that the Territorial Government has a right to tax the Canadian Pacific Railway Company for school purposes. The Manitoba appeals were dismissed.

U. S. Siftings.

The Canal Committee of the New York State Senate favorably reported the thousand-ton barge canal project, calling for an expenditure of over \$100,000,000.

Nearly 4,000 men in Indiana were forced into idleness by the closing of the factories of the American Window Glass Company.

Fifteen men were killed by an explosion in a mine at Cardiff, Ill.

Thirty-four deaths have been charged to Geo. Hossey, a herb doctor, in Philadelphia, and the graves are to be opened in pursuance of the investigation into the circumstances.

British Briefs.

A train has been snow-bound in the interior of Newfoundland for thirty days.

It is reported that the Mad Mullah lost one thousand men in recent fighting against the Abyssinians, who are co-operating with the British forces.

Salutes were fired through Britain in honor of the fortieth anniversary of the marriage of the King and Queen.

It is announced that on April 1st seventy-one new British warships will be under construction, and that twenty-one obsolete warships were withdrawn during the past year.

Hon. Mr. Chamberlain was cordially greeted by all parties on his first appearance in the House of Commons since his return from South Africa.

It is officially announced that the King will sail for Lisbon on March 31st to visit the King of Portugal.

The Pope received a large delegation of British Catholics, headed by the Duke of Norfolk.

The first Court of the season was held at Buckingham Palace.

Townsville, North Queensland, was devastated by a cyclone and many people killed.

International Items.

Eight persons were killed by soldiers during rioting at Coimbra, Portugal.

Other reinforcements of Turkish troops were sent into Macedonia.

The population of China is placed by the Board of Revenue at 426,447,000.

The Czar has issued a decree providing for freedom of religion throughout his dominions, and making other concessions to the people.

Revolutionary leaders declare that the Macedonians will fight Turkey alone unless European troops occupy their country and guarantee peace.

It is said that only the attitude of the Austrian and Russian Governments prevents war in the Balkans.

Yuanshikai, the former Governor of Chili Province, having been informed that the Boxer organization was resuming activity in the eastern part of the Province, despatched troops, who discovered that members of the society, well armed, were drilling at night in a town a hundred miles east of Peking. The Boxers were dispersed after a dozen of them and several soldiers had been killed. Yuanshikai ordered the prisoners to be beheaded and their heads displayed in public, and issued a proclamation imposing the death penalty on members and abettors of the organization.

THE RECORD OF TRUE RELIGION.

The Bible is not such a precious volume because of its antiquity, or because it has been preserved with such reverence, for it is not merely a collection of moral precepts, wise maxims, and words of comfort, but it is a reasonable, philosophical, and harmonious statement of the causes of present evil in the world, marking the pathway of God's people, and upholding and strengthening them with exceeding great and precious promises. It has been the means of upholding many a weary pilgrim while traveling through this "vale of tears." It has soothed the sorrows of heart-stricken mothers; it has lessened the sifs of wayward and rebellious children; it has brought many a prodigal back to the parental roof, and had a modifying effect upon all who have read it even in a literal sense.

Robert Ingersoll has said, in condemnation of the Bible, "Just to the extent that the Bible has been appealed to in matters of science, science has been retarded, and just to the extent that science has been appealed to in matters of religion, religion has advanced, so that now the object of intelligent religionists is to adopt a creed that will bear the test and criticism of science." But if we examine this paragraph by the light of truth, we shall see whether this great agnostic was right or wrong when he made this assertion.

Most of us know that the Bible has been appealed to repeatedly in scientific matters, and it has been found every time a true scientific question has been laid by its side that they have exactly corresponded. But, of course, so-called sciences which are merely theories, may or may not tally with the Bible, because it could only be termed accidental on either hand; so that science has never been retarded, although *theorism* may have been.

Neither has religion been advanced through appealing to science, for pure religion and undefiled cannot be found by searching the musty pages of science. Solomon says to love the fatherless and the widow, and to keep ourselves unspotted from the world, is pure religion, and not to read the Bible for the purpose of seeing whether it tallies with the theories of men or not. So then we may rightly maintain that religion—the religion of Jesus Christ—has not advanced because we have tried to prove it from a scientific standpoint, although there may be a certain kind that has advanced in this particular; but it is a question whether the religion of the heart has ever been helped by science.

We often think if scientific men would build the foundation of their thoughts more upon the Bible than upon the reasoning of other men, science would never be a blind guide, but basing its arguments directly or indirectly upon the scriptures, it would be what it ought to be—a revelation of established facts.—J. A. Rowland.

AUXILIARY COLUMN.

What is Happiness?

THOUGHTS COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY LIEUT.-COLONEL MRS. READ.

"There is a joy in worth, A high, mysterious, soul-pervading charm, Which, never daunted, ever bright and warm, Mocks at the idle, shadowy ills of earth, Amid the gloom is bright, and tranquil in the storm." —Conrad.

"Perhaps the greatest secret of happiness is seeking the happiness of others. The selfish know naught of the peace that comes to those who toil to promote the well-being of others. Those who give themselves unreservedly to the service of God and their fellow-beings are never unhappy. Seekers after selfish happiness are usually disappointed; but as we strive to bring brightness into the lives of others, our own darkness is wonderfully illumined." —Deliverer.

"If happiness is the end of life, life in this world is a great and manifest failure. But if it be something more—if it be to train the soul in reverence, and faith, and obedience to God—then, with much that is dark, we have some light on our way through the mysteries that surround us." —John Ker.

"Duties fulfilled are always pleasures (happiness) to the memory."

"The exercise of self-control, of truthfulness, of honesty, and other essential qualities, not only result in habitual actions of the same nature, but in habitual feelings or states of mind that induce those actions. So the condition which we call happiness is likewise acquired to a considerable degree. It involves within it many things, but they are not impossible to secure, and when we have discovered them it rests with us to encourage or discourage them."

"While all this is so," says someone, "there are so many things that others have that I have not." I reply, it is not what we get, but what we are, that decides our happiness. With the bare necessities of life many are unspeakably happy, while others with all the luxuries are impersonations of misery. In the Roman Empire there was no man more wretched than the Nero who ruled it. The porticos of his palace were a mile long. A statue of him, in silver and gold, 120 feet high, stood in the vestibule. The walls of his palace were mother of pearl and ivory. The ceiling was arranged to shower flowers and pour perfumes upon the guests. His wardrobe was so large that he never wore a garment twice. His mules were shod with silver. He fished with hooks of gold. A thousand carriages accompanied him when he traveled. His crown was worth \$500,000. He had everything but happiness. That never came. Your heart right, all is right; your heart wrong, all is wrong." —The late Dr. Talmage.

"Now, in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: They must be fit for it, they must not do too much of it, and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it."

"Happiness is not only a privilege, but a duty, not a mere outward good that may perhaps come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage, and hope it excites by its very presence, and the power for good it exerts in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligations to attain as much of it as possible." —Philadelphia Ledger.

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OUR ARMY

Great Britain.

The Self-Denial Week in Great Britain com-
menced on March 7th.

Every morning at 8.15 an officer attached to
the Piccadilly Midnight Rescue Work, London,
Eng., takes her stand at the gates of Holloway
Jail. She is, by the kind permission of the
Governor, allowed to stand *inside* the gates and
wait for discharged prisoners. The officer dis-
tributes tickets to the liberated women and girls.
Some pay no attention and join their sinful
companions. Others are only too glad to accept
the invitation and to accompany the officer to
an Army Home.

During December seven women ex-criminals
were thus received and assisted.

As many as eighty-four women and girls
were in one morning discharged from Holloway,
this being the largest number set free at once
for some time.

Elderly and middle-aged women, as well as
girls barely out of their teens, were represented
among these unfortunates.

Adj. Prakram Singh, writing from Port Said,
says that the party of officers bound for India
had a pleasant trip across the Mediterranean.
Daily prayer meetings were held on board. All
the officers were in the best of spirits.

United States.

On the eve of the General's departure for
England he received many farewell messages
from leading statesmen of the United States.
We print the following from President Roose-
velt:

White House, Feb. 20th, 1903.

My Dear General Booth,—

In wishing you farewell and continued suc-
cess for your work in the future, let me say how
glad I was to have the chance of meeting you
and to have you break bread in the White
House. With all good wishes,

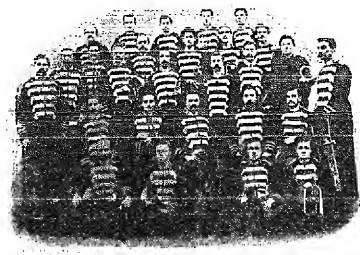
Sincerely yours,
PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

During the Staff Councils conducted by the
General in New York many distinguished officers
were elevated in rank, to all of whom we
offer our hearty congratulations. Among the
long list are quite a number of old Canadian
officers whose names many of our readers will
recognize. In addition to Brigadier Chandler,
Brigadiers Marshall, McIntyre, Scott, and Ad-
die will now be known as Lieutenant-Colonels,
while Majors Geo. Wood, Cousins, Connett,
and Ladgate now rank as Brigadiers.

A Distinguished Band.

Under the above heading the Sunday Strand prints the follow-
ing comment with a reproduction of a photo of the "H.Q. Staff
Band":

"Just as the Life Guards' Band is regarded as the best in
the King's Army, what is known as the International Staff Band



The International Staff Band, London, Eng.

is undoubtedly the finest in the Salvation Army. Indeed, many
eminent musicians have declared it to be the finest band in
England. It is composed of thirty officers. Our photograph has
been kindly lent to us by the Army's magazine, All the World."

Norway.

Major Tønning, Norway's Social Secretary,
has written to some of the best artists in the
country, asking them each to give a picture to
be sold in the interests of the poor. Already
ten paintings are to hand. Two or three artists,
who could not give pictures, have sent a good
contribution in money.

Commissioner Ridsdel has given a feast to
between six and seven hundred Norwegian un-
employed men, with their wives and children.

West Indies.

Colonel Taylor was recently received by the
Superintendent-Governor, and kindly shown
through the several departments of the Kings-
ton Jail. Adj. Leib is a regular visitor, and
has been successful in finding situations for a
number of the ex-prisoners.

Finland.

The total amount of prisoners for one week
in Finland was two hundred and fifty-five.

The Chief Secretary spent a very successful
Sunday at Tamarfors I. Altogether fifty-seven
souls came to the penitent form.



A Woman of Nazareth.

India.

In India and Ceylon we have—

Corps	591
Outposts	1,453
Officers and Cadets	1,470
Local Officers	2,949
Day Schools	431
Village Brotherhood Banks ..	23
Industrial Schools	10
Industrial School inmates	639
Social Institutions	8

Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secre-
tary, who has recently visited India, states that
"the Army in India is readier than ever for the
Bread of Life and the Water of salvation."

Malta.

Mrs. Adj. Souter has had an interview with
the Governor of Malta, Lord Grenfell. His
Excellency expressed his pleasure at the work
done by the Army in Malta, and gave, at the
same time, a donation for our work.

That state is tottering, when the reward of
merit become the price of intrigue.

A WEST INDIAN WARRIOR.

Capt. Jicelon is one of our Roman Catholic
officers. Born in the city of Georgetown, De-
merara, he endeavored
to follow the religion of
his fathers as best he
could. It was worldly
pleasure all the week,
and the form of religion
on a Sunday. Dancing
was one of his chief at-
tractions. He tried to
be good and to make the
best of a wretched tem-
per that often upset his
home life. Conversion was out of the question,
for he did not know that anyone could be con-
verted.



In 1895 some friends and he were coming
from a pleasure excursion when they heard a
religious meeting going on in a building, being
attracted by the beating of the tambourine.
They did not remain long inside, but a seed
was sown, a mark was made. When the know-
ledge of his "calling up" came to the ears of
the priest, he was severely punished and put on
penance. He felt that he was not dealt fairly
with, and he kicked. "I will go back again,"
he said, and he did.

But the Spirit of God began to take hold of
him. One night he felt he should have gone to
the penitent form, but he resisted the strivings
of the Spirit. He ran out saying he would never
return. But he did. It was that song, "To
save a poor sinner like me," that broke his heart,
and led him to the penitent form. He found
salvation!

But how was he to tell his parents? Murder
will out, so they soon heard of it. His father
loudly protested, but without avail. He was
sworn in as a Salvation Army soldier in July,
1895. Later on he applied for the Field, and
was accepted.

He assisted other officers in different corps
in Demerara until the beginning of this year,
when he came to Jamaica. His latest appoint-
ment is Kingston III., where he has taken a
good hold, and souls are being saved, and sol-
diers made. Nineteen recruits were sworn in
last week.

Through the conversion of Capt. Jicelon his
mother has got converted, also another member
of the family, who is now fighting in the East
India work, in Demerara.—P.

"It is customary to regard low spirits, de-
pression, or melancholy, as the result of disease.
In certain cases this is so. But have you ever
thought of the thousands of other cases in which
the disease has been brought on by the patient's
wilful habit of 'giving way,' of revelling in
'blues'? This may be a novel view to many,
but it will well repay a little pondering over.
On the other hand, a cheerful nature, not only
makes a happy home, but has an actual business
value."

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

SOME DOITS.

Don't keep cutnards in the cellar in an open vessel. They are
liable to become poisonous.
Don't pour boiling water over china picked in a pan. It will
crack by the sudden contraction and expansion.
Don't masticate your food with the idea of saving your teeth.
It spoils the teeth, and you will soon lose them.
Don't use steel knives for cutting meat, oysters, sweetbreads,
or similar. The steel blackens and gives an unpleasant flavor.
Don't scrub your refrigerator with warm water. When neces-
sary, sponge it out with two ounces of formaldehyde in two
parts of cold water.
Don't put tablecloths and napkins into hot soapuds: it acts
as a stain. Remove the stains first with dilute oxalic
acid, washing quickly in clear water.

Milk is an excellent substitute for soap in washing dishes.
It not only softens the water and gives the dishes a clear, pol-
ished look, but it preserves the hands from chapping. It also
prevents a greasy scum from appearing on the top of the water.

Never stop a cough. It is an effort of nature trying to get
rid of what is causing irritation, and would eventually cause
death. Ipecacuanha wine should be administered to loosen it,
and this is the only right way of treating a cough. Thousands
of children are annually destroyed by having their coughs stopped.

When boiling eggs, put on the lid of the saucepan, and you
will find your eggs have a much better flavor.

Christians authorities state that in a single banana there is as
much nutrition as in a plate of beefsteak and potatoes.



Songs for the Siege



Victory.

BY THE GENERAL.

Tune.—*Cleansing for me* (B.J. 45).

Jesus, my Lord, through Thy triumph I claim
Victory for me!
Lover of Souls, by Thy conquering name,
Victory for me!
Canst Thou not save a poor sinner like me?
Didst Thou not suffer my soul to set free?
Yes, Thou didst buy, on the blood-crimsoned tree,
Victory for me!

Lord, Thou hast brought from my Father above
Victory for me!
Lord, Thou hast bought by Thy infinite love,
Victory for me!
Victory over my doubts and my fears,
Over my sorrows, and tempers, and cares,
Over the backsliding failures of years,
Victory for me!

Here, Lord, I yield Thee the whole of my heart,
Victory for me!
From all that hinders at last I will part,
Victory for me!
Called to Thy service I gladly obey,
Freely my all at Thy feet now I lay,
Trusting and fighting till life's latest day,
Victory for me!

Singing, I feel I shall conqueror be,
Victory for me!
Boundless salvation is coming to me,
Victory for me!
Cleansed by Thy blood I shall walk in the light,
Held in Thy arms I shall live in Thy sight,
Filled with Thy love I shall win in the fight,
Victory for me!

Finished my work, I shall mount to the skies,
Victory for me!
Comrades and kindred shall shout as I rise,
Victory for me!
Then saints and angels their welcome will sing,
Then in His glory I'll see the great King,
Then in loud rapture I'll make heaven ring,
Victory for me!

Woe to Them Who are Sitting at Ease!

BY T. H. C.

Tune.—*Oh, say will you take up your cross?*

There are many people we meet with
Who say that they love the dear Lord,
Who are sitting at ease down in Zion,
When they ought to be preaching God's word.
Though fields are all ripe for the harvest,
The laborers are very few,
Although souls are dying around them,
They seem to have nothing to do.

Chorus.

Woe to them who are sitting at ease!
Woe to them who are sitting at ease!
They will surely be called into judgment,
Woe to them who are sitting at ease!

They're earnest about their own business,
Rising early and sitting up late,
But the drunkard, the thief, and the outcast,
They are left quite alone to their fate.
They've forgotten to "seek first the Kingdom,"
Their own interests they've given first place,
By-and-bye Christ will say He don't know them,
They'll be driven away from His face.

So then, if you want to please Jesus,
And the "Well done!" at last hear Him say,
You had better obey His commandments—
"Go work in My vineyard to-day."
His grace He has promised to give you,
His presence will ever be nigh,
If sinners you turn from their darkness,
You'll "shine as the stars" up on high.

A Song of Praise.

BY COMMANDER BOOTH-TUCKER.

Tune.—*Stand up, stand up for Jesus.*

Ten thousand hallelujahs
Of joyous love and praise!
Ten thousand Ebenezers
To God this night we raise!
Across Red Seas and Jordans,
Through desert and through flood,
His cloud of fire has led us,
Redeemed by Jesus' blood!

To Him we give the glory,
To Him be honor, power,
Who still His people leadeth
To victory hour by hour!
As brands plucked from the burning,
As sinners saved by grace,
We pledge ourselves His soldiers,
And Calvary's cross embrace!

On, Army of Salvation!
On, on to battle sped!
New foes your progress challenge,
Hearts still in bondage bleed!
Souls, souls, by millions, perish,
Their woe-wails pierce the sky,
Ye Soldiers of Salvation,
Quick to their rescue fly!

From slums, saloons, and prisons,
Niagaras of woe!
Submerged, sin-bound, death-smitten,
Their tears like rivers flow!
Go, staunch their bleeding heart-wounds!
Go forth the world to save!
Till o'er sin's brazen bulwarks
Heaven's glorious banners wave!

Listen to His Footsteps.

BY A. A. WHITEKER.

Tune.—*Scatter seeds of kindness.*

"Ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."—MARK xiii. 35.

In the Bible 'tis recorded
That the Son of Man will come
And receive His loved disciples
To His own eternal home;
But we do not know the moment
We may hear His footsteps fall;
Be ye therefore ever ready
For the unexpected call.

Chorus.

Then listen for His footsteps,
Then listen for His footsteps,
Then listen for His footsteps,
And be ready when He comes.

He may come at dewy evening,
As the day draws to a close,
And our bodies, worn and weary,
Seek for rest and sweet repose;
Or, when wrapt in deepest slumber,
And the hours fly swiftly by,
We may hear His footsteps falling,
And may hear the midnight cry.

In the hour before the dawning,
When the cock begins to crow,
And we least expect the summons,
We may hear the call to go.
Or, when morning light is breaking,
And the stars all disappear,
And the day seems bright before us,
We His footsteps then may hear.

Are you ready for His coming?
Have your sins been washed away?
Are you sanctified, made holy?
Are you on the King's highway?
Or a sinner would He find you,
Should He call to-day for thee?
Would you hear, "Depart, ye cursed,"
Or His welcome, "Come to Me"?

Weary Child, Come Home.

BY SERGT.-MAJOR A. G. CRAIG, MIDLAND, ONT.

Tune.—*Call me back again.*

Afar from God, in sin's paths thou hast wandered,
Afar from ways of peace thy feet have strayed,
Thy youthful hours in search of pleasure squandered
Although at thoughts of death thou art afraid.
Hark to the Saviour still in love entreating:
"I love thee still; oh, come to Me to-day."
List to His voice so tenderly repeating:
"Come unto Me, I am the only way."

Chorus.

"Weary child, come home; weary child, come home!"
List to His voice so tenderly repeating:
"I love thee still, oh, weary child, come home."

A future dark with terror is before you,
Haste, then, to Him, who died to set you free;
Life soon will pass, delay not till to-morrow,
Think how for you He suffered on the tree;
Think how in loving mercy still He calls thee,
Though thou hast often answered "Not to-day."

Accept His grace before sin's doom befalls thee,
His wondrous love is offered still to-day.

What joy and peace we find in Christ our Saviour,
What wondrous goodness, boundless love so free;

His word assures us He'll forsake us never,
But will our constant Friend and Comfort be.
O sinner, think, when in the depths of Jordan,
Who then will help, or cause your feet to stand?
Flee, then, to Christ, He'll ease thee of burden,
And guide thee safely to the promised land.

An Old Timer.

Tune.—B. J. 28, 2.

What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee,
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Just As I Am.

Tune.—*Just as I am* (B.J. 128); *O Lamb of God, I come* (B.J. 151).

Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou hidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—and waiting not
To clear my soul of one dark spot—
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each blot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.